



A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME.

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FIVE QUESTIONS

Answered by the following well-known individuals for EVERY OTHER SUNDAY.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

Hon. JOHN D. LONG.

Rev. EDWARD EVERETT HALE, D.D.

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

Rev. MINOT J. SAVAGE.

Mrs. MARY A. LIVERMORE.

Mrs. KATE GANNETT WELLS.

Rev. FRANCIS TIFFANY.

Rev. WILLIAM R. ALGER.

Rev. WILLIAM C. GANNETT.

Rev. JOHN W. CHADWICK.

Rev. CHARLES G. AMES.

Rev. CHARLES F. DOLE.

Rev. JULIUS H. WARD.

I. What short story in modern fiction do you prefer?

II. What poem is first in your liking?

III. What is your first selection among preachers?

IV. What proverb is your favorite?

V. What passages in the Bible stand foremost to you?



It was thought that indications like these on the part of those who have had training and experience in literature and life would tend to assist young people very much in winnowing out the chaff from the

wheat in their reading, and also to set clearer before them some of the standard sayings and writings of our mother tongue. There is nothing better for a rising generation than to have the frank and matured verdict of their elders, in various directions, to make that wise proportion whereby the better can always be selected in preference to the poorer.

We print the answers which have been received, with the qualifications and running comments of the authors sometimes included, in order to give their views a broader and more accurate expression than they would have by a strictly categorical response. First in our list is

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

"I HAVE the best disposition to answer your questions for the young people, but I am 'estopped,' as the lawyers say, by absolute inability. For instance, I cannot recall at the moment any short story; but the pleasanter recent sketches that I remember are Howells's 'At the Albany Station' and 'A Letter of Introduction.'

"No one poem is especially prominent in my mind, for I like many for different reasons, as, for instance, 'L'Allegro' and 'The Elegy in a Country Churchyard,' and Burns's songs.

"My first preference among preachers was Dr. W. H. Furness. 'Make haste slowly' is a good proverb; and the thirteenth of Romans is a very favorite chapter of mine in the New Testament, and almost any chapter of Isaiah in the Old.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS."

HON. JOHN D. LONG.

MR. LONG was in the midst of engrossing professional duties when these inquiries reached him; but he kindly furnished the following replies, not as distinct and unqualified preferences, but as indications of his strong liking:—

"1. I like among short stories Dickens's 'Cricket on the Hearth';

"2. Whittier's 'Snow Bound,' for short poem;

"3. Phillips Brooks, among living preachers;

"4. 'Tell the truth,' for a saying;

"5. Twelfth chapter Romans, as favorite passage in the Bible.

JOHN D. LONG."

REV. EDWARD EVERETT HALE, D.D.

WE offer DR. HALE's letter exactly as it came to us, believing it to be just to him, and all the more interesting to our readers:—

"1. Mr. Waldo Emerson said that the story of 'The Devil-Puzzlers' was the most remarkable short story which he had read. Judging stories from what may be called an artistic point of view, I am disposed to agree with him.

"2. Of English poems, the general verdict is that Gray's 'Elegy in a Country Churchyard' is the finest short poem. I am disposed to think that this is true.

"3. Of the preachers whom I have heard, I remember that we used to say that we would walk fifty miles barefoot to hear William Henry Furness, if we could hear him in no other way. I think I would have done so. I have said the same thing of John Weiss.

"4. I have reserved this question for a day. It is quite clear that no proverb clings very closely to my memory. You can always find a proverb to contradict any one which another person proposes, as a rule.

"5. This is the most difficult choice of all; for you want one chapter of the Bible in one mood, and another in another. But I find that when I am at a strange church, where I do not select the Scriptures with reference to the sermon, if I want to read with the idea that those people may never hear the Bible again, and that I should like to give the squeezed-down essence of Christianity, I am apt to select twenty verses from the second, third, and fourth chapters of the Epistle to the Philippians. You will readily guess what those verses are.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE."

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

COLONEL HIGGINSON allows the following answers to appear as indicating in a general way his preferences, without regard to the "needs of youth," or of any particular age. His whole letter, with its "side-lights" of comment and suggestion, would be interesting to our readers, but we are debarred from printing it entire, owing to its private character:—

- "1. Favorite short story, Tolstoi's 'Cossacks.'
 - "2. Favorite short poem, Emerson's 'Daughters of Time.'
 - "3. For preference among living preachers, possibly Phillips Brooks.
 - "4. As to a proverb, the nearest choice I can make, if compelled to choose, is this: 'It is no use crying over spilled milk.'
 - "5. Favorite passages in the Bible, the Sermon on the Mount and some of the Psalms.
- "If you had asked for my favorite prose passage, I should have given you Sir Philip Sidney's 'The ending end of all earthly learning being virtuous action' ('Defence of Poesy')."
- T. W. HIGGINSON."

REV. MINOT J. SAVAGE.

MR. SAVAGE finds the same trouble that many have, namely, the difficulty of making a rigid and categorical selection; but we believe his letter will guard him from misunderstanding:—

"I cannot answer these questions categorically; but I will give you my preferences as they come to me somewhat imperfectly in the midst of engrossing affairs.

"1. I like one story for one thing, another for another thing. Bret Harte's 'Luck of Roaring Camp' and Davis's 'Gallagher' are striking stories. Hale's 'The Man without a Country' and George Eliot's 'Silas Marner' are among my preferences.

"2. It would be difficult for me to pick out any one of the following by way of distinction: Wordsworth's 'Tintern Abbey'; Browning's 'Abt Vogler,' or his 'Rabbi Ben Ezra,' — I think of forty all at once and of different kinds.

"3. Thinking only of popular power, and not of teaching, I should select Henry Ward Beecher as the greatest of the country, if not of all centuries.

"4. I am not much given to proverbs; but I think of two, quite useful and very much contrasted with each other: 'Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day,' or, by way of contrast, that saying of Dr. A. P. Peabody, 'Punctuality is the thief of time.' I might add that the chief virtue of this latter saying is in its application to special instances.

"5. On the spur, I should say the Twenty-third Psalm and St. Paul's oration on Mars Hill (Acts xvii.) for favorite parts of the Bible.

MINOT J. SAVAGE."

MRS. MARY A. LIVERMORE.

THE comparative way in which Mrs. LIVERMORE contributes her preferences adds to the pleasure and profit of her readers; for it is always interesting to know how mental tastes have fared from youth on into maturity:—

"I must answer your very direct questions in a somewhat vague and free manner.

"1. In my girlhood I preferred Scott's novels to any other. I read and re-read them. I still read them to-day. In my youth 'Ivanhoe' was

my favorite novel; to-day my choice is 'Adam Bede,' by George Eliot.

"2. In my youth and early womanhood my preference was for Longfellow's 'A Psalm of Life.' It was a perpetual tonic to me, and stirred me like a blast of a trumpet. To-day I give my choice to 'The Eternal Goodness,' by Whittier, and lean on it as I go down the valley, as a lame man on a staff.

"3. Henry Ward Beecher was my preference as a preacher in my early womanhood. I prefer Rev. M. J. Savage to-day, hearing him whenever I can, and reading whatever he publishes.

"4. I am told by my friends that proverbs that inculcate self-reliance are most frequently quoted by me, like these: 'God helps those that help themselves;' 'Get your distaff ready, and God will send you flax.'

"5. The thirteenth chapter of 1st Corinthians.

MARY A. LIVERMORE."

MRS. KATE GANNETT WELLS.

THE answers by Mrs. WELLS, and with one or two exceptions those by the others following, are without accompaniment of special comment, and we give them in their direct and pithy form as received:—

- "1. 'Alice in Wonderland.'
- "2. 'The Crowning Day.'
- "3. Dr. Orville Dewey.
- "4. 'With time and patience the mulberry leaf becomes satin.'
- "5. Romans viii.

KATE GANNETT WELLS."

REV. FRANCIS TIFFANY.

- "1. Hawthorne's 'The Great Stone Face.'
- "2. Browning's 'Saul.'
- "3. Rev. Stopford A. Brooke, Rev. Frederick W. Robertson.
- "4. 'He that loseth his life shall save it.'
- "5. Eighth chapter of Romans.

FRANCIS TIFFANY."

REV. W. R. ALGER.

"It is a difficult and a delicate matter to answer your five questions directly and without explanatory qualifications; for according to the point of view and the standard of judgment assumed the answers would differ.

"1. Among brief specimens of recent fiction I recall none with greater pleasure or more complete approval than 'The Cricket on the Hearth,' by Dickens.

"2. Among the poetic productions of our time, I should assign the first place to 'In Memoriam,' by Tennyson.

"3. Among the preachers of the century, I give the palm for wisdom, spirituality, beauty, and originality to James Martineau.

"4. There are two classes of proverbs, quite distinct from each other, — the saws of the people, and the maxims of the wise. A fair example of the former is 'Well begun is half done.' The best instance known to me of the latter is the following, by Ralph Waldo Emerson: 'True wisdom is to find the end of the journey in every step of the road.'

"5. In the Old Testament I think I prize most highly the Twenty-third Psalm, and in the New Testament the thirteenth chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians.

W. R. ALGER."

REV. W. C. GANNETT.

- "1. PERHAPS, 'Rab and His Friends.'
- "2. *Perhaps*, 'Lowell's Commemoration Ode.'
- "3. *Perhaps*, for steady diet to listen to, J. Lloyd Jones.
- "4. *Perhaps*, 'No good thing is failure, and no evil thing success.'
- "5. *Perhaps*, Matthew v.

W. C. GANNETT."

REV. J. W. CHADWICK.

"1. I COULD easily name a dozen, but find it hard to name one, but will say Mrs. Phelps-Ward's 'Bell of St. Basil's,' — that for pathos; Aldrich's 'Marjory Daw,' for cuteness; and Henry James' 'Lesson of the Master,' for intellectual brilliancy and perfect art.

"2. Tennyson's 'Ulysses.'

"3. Martineau at his best; that is, in his 'Endeavors.'

"4. 'Truth for authority, not authority for truth.'

"5. In New Testament, 1 Cor. xiii.; in Old Testament, Psalm cxxxix.

J. W. CHADWICK."

REV. C. G. AMES.

"I AM not satisfied with any of my own answers; but perhaps the following come as near to what you ask as anything I can say off-hand.

"1. As a short story, Dickens' 'Christmas Carol.'

"2. As a poem, Tennyson's 'In Memoriam.'

"3. As foremost among living preachers, whom I hear or read, Phillips Brooks.

"4. As a proverb, 'Live and learn,' or 'Be sure you're right; then go ahead.'

"5. As a Bible selection, three chapters, Matt. v., vi., vii.

C. G. AMES."

REV. C. F. DOLE.

"1. TOLSTOY'S 'Where Love is, there God is.'

"2. Browning's 'Saul.'

"3. Phillips Brooks.

"4. 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.'

"5. The eighth chapter of the Epistles to the Romans.

C. F. DOLE."

REV. JULIUS H. WARD.

"1. THE short story which has made the strongest impression upon me is Dr. John Brown's, 'Rab and His Friends.'

"2. The poem which I should name first in English literature, for its pathos and insight and severe beauty, is Tennyson's 'In Memoriam.'

"3. My first selection among preachers is Bishop Brooks.

"4. I am not a lover of proverbs, but one of the sharpest and clearest reads thus: 'You cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear.'

"The chapter in the Bible which is most precious to me is the seventeenth chapter of St. John's Gospel, and I would like to name as next to it, the Sermon on the Mount.

JULIUS H. WARD."

Peace is more strong than war; and gentleness.

Where force were vain, makes conquest o'er the wave;

And love lives on and hath a power to bless,

When they who loved are hidden in the grave.

LOWELL.

NANCE.

BY KATE L. BROWN.



AMONG the visitors at the Christmas celebration of Rocky Run school Alice Parmalee had noticed a tall girl, about whom an air of strangeness hovered. It was a wistful face with delicate outlines, which might have been pretty except for some curious lack. It was as if the soul had just looked into its dwelling place, then withdrawn, leaving but the faint memory of its gracious presence.

As Alice paused for a moment in her earnest words to the people she caught sight of this face, lighted by a strange glow. When all was over the girl shrank past her, and no countenance could have been more apathetic. As the Scotch say, evidently she "was not all there."

"Did you notice that tall girl who sat by Mrs. Kean?" Alice inquired of her friend Ruth, a few days later.

"You mean Nance Durval, do you not?" replied Ruth.

"Is that her name? Tell me about her," said Alice, in tones of interest.

"She is a poor child whom nobody owns, and her story is indeed sad," resumed Ruth. "Her father worked in the camp, and was brought home dead one day. That night Nance was born, and the next morning she was an orphan. The shock of the father's death cost the mother her life, and perhaps accounts for the fact that poor Nance is not just right. She lives with Mrs. Kean, and Mr. Roberts pays her board."

"That is good of him," said Alice. She was gradually discovering the many kind actions of the brusque, matter-of-fact owner of Rocky Run Mills. "But that girl's face haunts me, Ruth; I long to do something for her. It seems almost wrong for me to be so well, so sound in every particular, and she—so—so lacking. She made me think of that saying, 'the spirits in prison.'"

"I can understand; you want to just cradle the world," said Ruth, lovingly. "I have no doubt but the chance will come."

And it came sooner than either thought. The very first day of the new term Nance presented herself at the schoolhouse and begged to be taken in.

Alice looked at her little pupils, then at the tall girl of eighteen, in some perplexity. The pale face was aglow with passionate desire.

"Oh, teacher, let me come to school. I want to be near you. Seems so I'm like other folks when you look at me," pleaded poor Nance.

A sudden mist veiled Alice's dark eyes. "You shall come, Nance," she said, gently.

So Nance Durval became a member of Alice Parmalee's school at Rocky Run; and into the strange, thwarted life came the impulse of growth that it had been so long denied.

Nance took her place humbly and quietly among the little children. She had been regarded with various feelings,—pity, scorn, careless unconcern, dislike. Some of those children had in times past made merry over her infirmity. But she was now Miss Alice's charge, and Miss Alice treated her with infinite patience and gentleness; Nance Durval rose quickly in the estimation of her little world.

Never was there a more faithful, diligent pupil than poor Nance. How she toiled away over the tasks that the youngest children finished with alacrity. "I know it! I know it!" she would say in a glow of excitement. Then she would read some little sentence correctly, and

Alice would praise generously. But the next day she would be no further along than before. Poor child! in a night what she had gained with such infinite pains had left her completely. Her mind had no staying power,—some jar in the delicate machinery had marred forever the noblest work of God.

"Never mind, dear," Alice would say, tenderly, "perhaps some day you will remember." Then Nance would turn to her book again with a look of divine patience on her poor, pale face.

Alice became deeply interested in this "spirit in prison," and tried in every way to free it. The weak, clumsy fingers were taught again and again how to arrange a number of objects in a given way on the desk. At length success came, and Nance was a happy creature.

Blessed be the Kindergarten, for without its holy aid Alice might never have unlocked that prison door. Nance learned to model a little in clay, to match colors, to do the simplest patterns in weaving. To-day there lies on Alice's desk at Wellesley a pathetic little blotter that Nance made. Its design is an Easter lily sewed in outline. Poor little blotter! showing so plainly that the mind that guided the feeble fingers worked unevenly. For a while the outline would be clearly defined, then the stitches would wander and straggle. Nance's ambition was to make the letter *i* on her slate, all herself. Everybody was interested. At recess the little ones would gather about her and help, Alice encouraging. One day in the midst of school Nance sprang to her feet with a great shout, waving her slate. "I can! I can!" she cried, with the air of a conqueror.

She ran to the board, and seizing the chalk made a tolerably correct letter on its surface. How the children shouted, and how Alice beamed! Happy Nance! she could not be persuaded to leave her employment.

After school Dr. Henderson, the chairman of the school committee, came in, and found the blackboard filled in every available place with Nance's *i*'s.

Nance began to accompany her friend on her walks, and Alice pointed out to her the many beauties of the natural world without. As the winter wore away and spring came to the northern solitudes, she again and again spoke of the miracle-play that was going on in the rush of new life all about. Nance planted her seeds in the sunny south windows, and listened eagerly as Alice told them of the new life that was coming from the death and decay.

One Sunday Nance was allowed to sit with her friend, who was unusually weary from the day's work. A Sunday meeting had been started in the schoolhouse. The children had begged for it, the parents had pleaded. They called it "The Guild of the Good Shepherd." Its exercises were simple. They sang a great deal and repeated some of the psalms. The children learned verses and even poems to recite. Alice told them the Scripture stories, especially of the love of that Good Shepherd whose heart is never satisfied until the lost lamb be found. Sometimes the rough, toiling men and women would give their "testimonies," for there were hearts in this wilderness that could not quite forget their holiest dreams. Once a tall form in a clerical garb appeared in the door-way. Alice gave him her hand, and led him to the seat of honor. At the close of the little meeting she addressed a few words to him in a low voice. Father Warren arose and stretched out his arms. With one impulse they bowed their heads, and

the deep, rich voice of the priest arose in prayer. It was an earnest pleading that the Divine Love might enter and take possession of all hearts, moving them to righteousness.

"God bless you, my child; you are leading these poor souls on," were his hearty words at parting.

On this Sunday afternoon Nance sat silent, a strange play of emotion in her usually quiet, almost vacant face.

"What are you dreaming of?" inquired Alice, playfully.

The girl turned to her and exclaimed with startling energy, "Teacher, I love you; you made Nance."

"Why, my dear, God made you. Teacher loves Nance, but God loves you more."

Nance shook her head stubbornly. "Teacher is good enough for me," she insisted. "Before Teacher came it was dark and cold, now it is light. Nance could do nothing until Teacher showed her. Teacher is better than God."

"Listen, dear Nance," said Alice, very tenderly, "don't you believe what I say? We have a kind Father who made us and the beautiful world. I could not love you or help you if God had not shown me how."

"If God is kind why did he make poor Nance a fool?" came with blunt and startling energy from the lips of the thwarted one.

Alice took the great feeble hand in hers. "Listen! dear Nance. There is another Nance in you that is not poor or weak or foolish, but strong and wise and beautiful. Some day it will burst its prison-house, the body, and go to God to learn his will and do his work."

"I don't believe it!"

"But Teacher tells you so."

There was a pause, then a burst of passionate weeping. "Teacher cannot lie. I believe Teacher."

When Nance left Alice gave her a strange little gray lump fastened to a twig. "Put it in a warm place," she said, "and some day something alive and beautiful will come from it. That will remind you what I have told you about the new Nance." So Nance went away bearing her chrysalis, and with the new thought stirring in her heart.

A few days after, Nance jumped into the Run to save little Eva, the baby and darling of the school. Some men drew them out,—Eva unhurt; but Nance, so the doctor said, "injured internally, and could not live very long."

Alice was sent for. She went, and sat by the brave girl, and led her gently in story and talk through the gathering shadows. Sometimes Nance was delirious, and babbled of birds and flowers; sometimes she seemed absorbed in her lessons.

Morning came. Nance appeared to be free from pain and dulness of brain. An unusual light shone in her eyes.

"See! see!" and the wan hand was raised eagerly. The first sunbeams had crept in through the window and lay across the wall, where a branch of maple was pinned over the little glass. The chrysalis had burst, and a splendid butterfly of purest white and gold was opening and shutting its wings. The Easter miracle of life from death had come true in the very shadow of death.

The white butterfly at last flew out of the window into the glad sunshine. From afar came the spirit song of the bluebird, and a single bell, miles away, rang the day's message.

It was at last Easter morning.

THE LICK TELESCOPE AND MODERN ASTRONOMY.

BY REV. JOEL H. METCALF.



SEVENTEEN years ago Mount Hamilton, a peak in the Coast Range of California, was as much a wilderness as any of the mountains found in that country. The mountain was nearly a mile high; and no man ever climbed to its summit through the scrubby oaks that covered its face, for a view either of the starry heavens or the magnificent unbroken view of California for hundreds of miles around. And yet for several years past, on its very summit has stood the largest and most complete observatory in the world; and it is all due to the generosity of one man.

The idea of such a work on the Pacific slope first arose in the mind of James Lick, a man who possessed not only the wealth but the generous spirit required for such an undertaking. He was born in Pennsylvania, and was an organ-maker by trade. Of his boyhood we know little, or, in fact, of any part of his life except his declining years at San Francisco. We know he built organs in his native State for a time, but was of a roving, unsettled turn of mind; so he finally went to South America, where he continued to make organs and pianos. The work-bench which he used in Peru is now on exhibition at the observatory. He remained in South America eleven years; and finally, just before the discovery of gold in California, he makes his appearance as a rolling stone at San Francisco, but by his trade and some mercantile ventures he has gathered moss to the extent of thirty thousand dollars.

There seems to be an impression prevalent that Mr. Lick was a miner, and by good fortune made his money in this way; but it is a mistake. I find no evidence that he ever went near the mines. While the thousands, gold-mad, were pressing through the Golden Gate up to the mountains and gold-fields for the yellow sand, Mr. Lick, with a keenness of insight for which he was always noted, saw that San Francisco was destined to be a large city; and so he contented himself with investing all his money in the sand-hills which lay around the then village of San Francisco. Of course, he bought large tracts for a song; and he held them until, the city having grown all around him, the gold for which the miners worked so hard in the camps became his in exchange for his barren land.

In 1844 the idea first came to him that, as he had no family, he would spend a large sum (\$700,000) to build upon Mount Hamilton a telescope "superior to and more powerful than any yet made."

How he happened to consider such a plan, it is impossible to say; whatever may have been the cause, the fact is he gave this large sum of money to found the best observatory in the world; and immediately all the world began to co-operate to make it a success.

A mountain top was chosen for the site, — not because a mountain top is nearer the sky; and so the stars look brighter, but because there are more clear nights when the astronomer can work. The higher up you go, the less dense the atmosphere is, and the steadier is the light from the stars. All have noticed the stars twinkle; to look at them through a telescope as they twinkle is to see them dance around like fire-flies. Therefore the astronomer wants to get up to where the air is so steady that there is no twinkling.

All of you have had your mothers say to you, "Stand still a minute till I look at you." That is what the astronomer often wants to say to the stars. Up on the mountain, therefore, is the best place for a telescope.

The good people of San Jose said, "We will build a road;" and so within a year, at a great cost, a winding way snake-like led up to the very top. It is thirteen miles by an air line — or, as the saying is, "as the crow flies" — to the top of the mountain, but it is many more by the road, that makes three hundred and sixty-five complete turns.

A Frenchman named Feil, after several years of unsuccessful attempts, finally produced the rough glass; and it was not until 1885 that Alvin

ers, "What is a telescope?" It is simply an arrangement of curved glasses to make objects far away look near to us. It is really nothing but a big eye of glass, — what a poet would call a "Cyclopean" eye, thinking of those old giants the Greeks used to believe in, who had one large eye in the middle of their face.

The size of telescopes is estimated from the diameter of the largest glass. Your eye is a telescope one fifth of an inch in diameter. The one of which we have been talking is thirty-six inches across. There is one in Russia thirty inches, one at Vienna (Austria) twenty-seven inches, and one at the naval observatory in Washington twenty-six inches across.

Perhaps you would like to know how much more you can see with the Lick telescope than is visible to the naked eye. In it things are 32,400 times brighter than to the unaided eye. We can see many stars with it beyond our ordinary seeing. Without a telescope six thousand stars can be seen; with the monster eye we have been considering, over sixty millions can be seen. Boys like to know how far things can be seen. Well, with this glass stars can be seen whose light takes fifty thousand years to get here; and yet light travels so fast it will go over seven times around the earth in a second of time. Is not that far enough?

This telescope can make things four million times as large as they naturally look. Our moon is about two hundred and fifty thousand miles from us really; but the Lick Telescope will bring it down to within two hundred miles of us. An object three hundred feet square could be plainly seen, — say, a world's-fair building. This would still leave people the size of human beings invisible. If there were any cities on the moon, they would be plainly visible; but there are none. Neither are there any people; because what kind of people would they be who could have no water and no air?

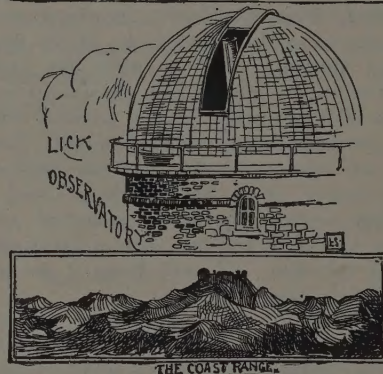
The moon is very mountainous, as the lowest picture on this page attempts to show.

Under the base of the great telescope lies the body of James Lick. He has built himself a costly monument; but what a noble one it is! It nightly brings to earth the knowledge of other worlds, which when we know them become ours.

It does not give us more bread to eat; but Jesus has said man shall not live by bread alone. It does not clothe our bodies from the winds of winter; but it does clothe our spirits with a broader and truer knowledge of God's wonderful universe. Any who look through it at planet or sun must feel forced to exclaim, "O God, how infinite thou art, and how small am I!" And yet when we think again, we remember who made the telescope, — that we never could have seen and truly appreciated the mysteries of God's universe, had man not been great enough to make the telescope. And so, as the stars of heaven, which as twinkling dots — as "pin-holes in the sky to let God's glory through," as the dear little girl said — have filled all men with wonder and reverence, from the philosopher to the poor shepherd boy watching his flocks by night, — as these dots shine more grandly and with a new glory through the great black tube on Mount Hamilton, who can help feeling at once the glory of our Heavenly Father and the worth of his children?

*Not only around our infancy
Doth heaven with all its splendors lie;
Daily, with souls that cringe and plot,
We Sinai's climb and know it not.*

LOWELL.

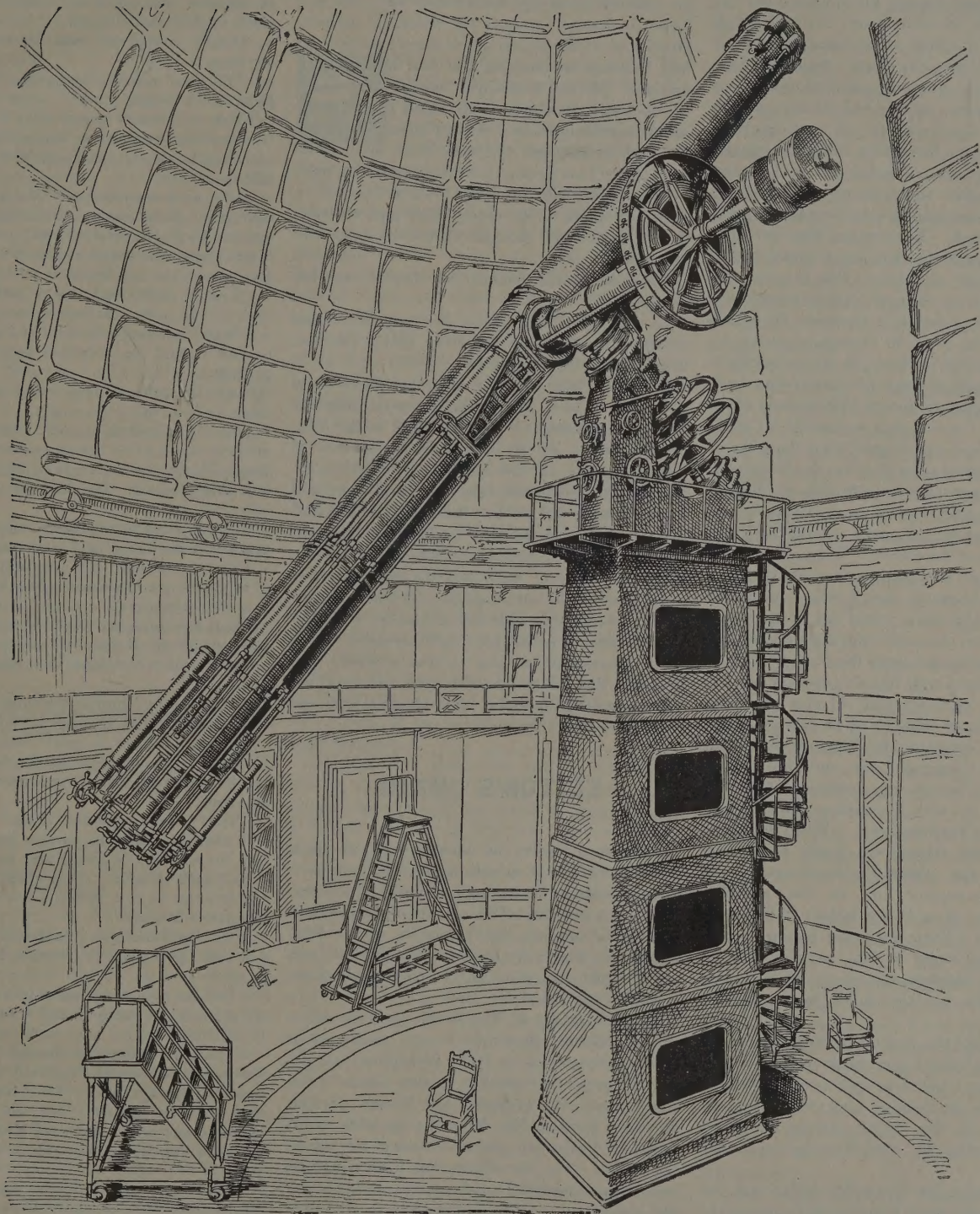


Clark & Sons, of Cambridgeport, Mass., received it to grind and polish. About two years the Clarks worked upon the glass, with a patience and skill that no one can know who has not seen it done.

While the glass was being polished and figured, a firm of Cleveland, Ohio, was making the tube, three feet in diameter, and fifty-six feet long, with all the machinery necessary to point it toward different places in the sky, and the clock-work to move it with the stars. In San Francisco they were making the giant dome, seventy-five feet in diameter, under which the great telescope is placed.

Finally, after much waiting, all the parts were done, and carried up the road which the enthusiastic citizens of San Jose had built, and called "Lick Avenue."

Perhaps some of the younger readers of the EVERY OTHER SUNDAY are asking their moth-



INTERIOR OF THE GREAT DOME, LICK OBSERVATORY.

SAINTS. No 2.—SAINT LAWRENCE.

BY MRS. BRADLEY GILMAN.

MORE than fifteen hundred years ago, in a charming Spanish town named Huesca, there dwelt a little boy named Lawrence, or Lorenzo. He was dearly loved by his father and mother; for he was clever at his lessons as well as faithful to his home duties. During his childhood the boy stayed quietly in his own home; but as he grew older, he began to long to see something of the world outside of his native town. So his parents, knowing of their son's wish, worked every year harder and harder, and saved money enough finally to send him to Rome. Now, to go from Huesca to Rome in those days meant a long and perilous journey, not by steam-cars and steam-boats, but by foot or on horseback to Barcelona, and then by a slow sailing vessel across the great Mediterranean Sea. You can see, therefore, that it took considerable courage for a young boy to make that journey all alone. But Lorenzo was not a boy to give up doing a thing because it was hard. He rather rejoiced in obstacles, for he felt within himself the power of overcoming them.

When he arrived in Rome, he went directly to see one of the good bishops, who soon found work for him to do among the sect of Christians to which he belonged. Lorenzo was so faithful in small things, and led such a pure, good life in the midst of the terrible temptations of the city, that his master put more and more confidence in him, and finally, when he was under sixteen years of age, he was made an archdeacon, and given the whole charge of the treasures of the church. There was a great amount of silver and gold, and many precious stones in this treasury, and it was a great responsibility to give to a young lad of his years. But then, as now, character was appreciated, and out of all his older servants, the bishop found no one whom he could trust like this country boy.

In dreaming of the grand old city of Rome, Lorenzo had never thought of its fearful sinfulness. He had heard of the Emperor Valerian's cruelty to the Christians; but until his master, the good Bishop Sixtus, was condemned to death, the boy had no real knowledge of what the martyrdom of Christians was. When he found that his beloved friend was really to be put to death, he was almost broken-hearted, and longed to accompany him to the scaffold. "Whither goest thou, O my father, without thy son?" he said. Then when the bishop was in prison, the boy wrote to him, saying: "Saint Peter suffered Stephen, his deacon, to die before him. Wilt thou not also suffer *me* to prepare thy way?"

But Sixtus told the youth that there was other work which he wished him to do in this world, and that he must wait for death until God called him. He then commanded him to distribute all the treasures in the church, among the poor Christians, so that the cruel Valerian could not seize them.

The very night that the noble bishop was put to death, Lorenzo went from house to house distributing the jewels and moneys of the church into the hands of the poor and needy Christians. He stopped at the houses of the sick, and humbly bathed their feet, speaking words of comfort to many a feeble soul, who felt his courage ebbing now that the good bishop had been torn from his flock.

The morning after the death of Sixtus, the bloodthirsty emperor sent for the young guardian of the treasury, and demanded the keys from him. Of course the demand was refused. Then

the boy was searched, and as the keys were not found, he was put into a dungeon and heavily loaded with chains for three days. At the end of that time he was again asked about the keys of the treasury; and as the emperor began to suspect that it was empty, the boy was urged to tell where the money was. Again he refused to answer. The tyrant then ordered that he should be tortured in every conceivable way; but still Lorenzo declined to give the names of the poor families to whom he had given the treasures. At last, Valerian ordered an iron bed made, like a gridiron. He had a coal fire kindled underneath it. It is said, that even in the midst of this fiendish torture the brave boy uttered no cry for mercy, but said, casting his eye with scorn on his tormentors: "I am done now; turn me, and eat me."

Afterwards, with his gaze towards heaven, he said, "I thank thee, O my God and Saviour, that I have been thought worthy to enter thy beatitude."

Thus this noble Spanish boy bravely met his death.

In that age of martyrdom he received no fame or applause; but now the story of his life and death is told the world over.

In Rome, six beautiful churches have been dedicated to him. In Spain, the royal palace is not only dedicated to him, but built in the form of a gridiron; and he is also the patron saint of Genoa and the old German city of Nuremberg. Many of the great artists of the world have also loved to honor this noble youth, and you will find pictures of him in many of the great galleries in Europe. If you, children, want to be sure to recognize him, you must look for two things,—a palm and a gridiron; though sometimes he may be seen carrying a dish full of money, to signify that his office was that of church treasurer. But the expression of his face is always serene and beautiful, and he stands with upturned eyes, like the martyr Stephen, his face shining with the glory of a heavenly vision.

EDITOR'S CHAIR.

THE usual variety of departments and short sketches gives way in this number to long articles. No doubt, for a change, this will be acceptable to our readers. We are greatly pleased to be able to present the symposium of the Five Questions; the array of names is brilliant, and we offer our thanks to the individuals who have so kindly responded.

By the courtesy of Mr. J. H. Holmes, editor of the "Boston Herald," we are permitted to illustrate the article on "The Lick Observatory" with pictures first published in that paper. The article itself was prepared for EVERY OTHER SUNDAY, by Rev. Mr. Metcalf, who adds to his vocation of preaching the avocation of astronomical studies. On the whole, this issue might be called the educational number; and we hope that the instruction and suggestions are in attractive form, making knowledge, as it ought to be, genial and friendly in appearance.

The next number of EVERY OTHER SUNDAY, bearing date June 19, will contain a fine picture of the Bunker Hill Monument, with an interesting letter from the President of the Bunker Hill Association, Hon. F. W. Lincoln; in this way we intend to observe the famous day of June 17, when the battle was fought in that vicinity which led on and up to the great events of our national birthdays.

A FAITHFUL BOY.

COMPOSED BY NARAYAN HEMCHANDRA.

ONE bright morning in spring many years ago, a poor boy sat under an oak near a village in Germany, taking care of his sheep. Suddenly he saw before him a handsome lad, in a rich dress. It was the young prince, who was about ten years old. The shepherd boy supposed that he was the son of the forester, who sometimes came to the hunting-castle in the neighborhood.

"Good-morning, sir," said the boy. "Can I do anything for you?"

"Tell me," replied the prince, "are there any birds' nests in this wood?"

"That is a strange question for a young forester. Of course there are nests. Every bird has its nest."

"Then I dare say you know where there is one," said the prince.

"Oh, yes, a beautiful nest, the most beautiful I ever saw. It is neatly woven with yellow straw, and lined with the softest moss; and there are five little eggs inside, almost as blue as the sky that you see through the oak-leaves."

"That is charming! Come and show me this nest. I am quite impatient to see it."

"That I can well believe; but I must not show it to you." And the shepherd boy shook his head gravely.

Then the prince's tutor, who at that moment came forward, said reprovingly,—

"Do not be uncivil, my lad. This young gentleman has never in his life seen a bird's nest, and has long wished to see one. Take him to it, and give him this pleasure. He will not touch it; he will only look at it."

The boy stood up, and answered respectfully, but firmly, "I am sorry, but I must not show the nest."

"That is unkind," said the tutor. "You ought to be glad to give pleasure to another, and above all to our young prince."

"Is this young gentleman the prince?" cried the boy, taking off his hat. "I am proud to see the prince; but I cannot show the nest even to the king himself."

"Tell me why," replied the tutor; "if you really have a good reason, it would be better to give it."

"Indeed, I have a good reason. My friend Michael, who keeps goats on the mountain, showed me the nest, and made me promise not to show it to any one."

"That is quite another thing," said the tutor. But wishing to test still further the honesty of the boy, he took out a purse, and said, "Do you see these pieces of gold? They shall be yours, if you will show us the nest; and you need not say anything about it to Michael."

"No," said the boy, "that would be dishonest; and that I will never be, whether Michael knows it or not."

"Perhaps you do not know how much the gold is worth, and how many things you could buy with it," said the tutor.

"Yes, I do," answered the boy; "and certainly my poor father would be greatly pleased if I took home so much money." He thought a little while, then cried out hastily, "No! Go away from me! Do not tempt me. I promised Michael that I would not show the nest to any one, and I will keep my word."

"That is enough," said the tutor. "You are a good, honest boy, and have kept your word well. Now go and ask your friend to let you show us the nest. You can share the reward with him, if you wish to do so."

"That I will," said the boy. "This afternoon I will bring back the answer."

The tutor and the prince then returned to the hunting-castle, at which they were staying. Upon making further inquiries about the boy, they learned that his name was George, and that he was the son of a poor rake-maker, an honest and good man.

In the afternoon the prince went again to the wood. The shepherd boy sprang joyfully to meet

him. "It is all right with Michael," said he. "I can now show you the nest, if you will come with me."

He ran forward to the wood, while the prince and his tutor followed. "Do you see that little yellow bird singing upon the alder-tree?" said he to the prince. "The nest belongs to him; so we must go gently."

They soon came to a thorn-bush covered with sweet-scented blossoms; and George, pointing to the bush, whispered, "Look in there, Prince. The mother bird is sitting upon the eggs." But as he spoke she flew away.

The prince was delighted with the beautiful nest and pretty little eggs. The tutor gave the boy the promised reward, which he first shared with Michael, and then carried his own part home to his father.

One morning the king came to the hunting-castle, attended by a single servant. He wished to see his son, and to learn what progress he was making in his studies. At dinner the prince told his father the story of the beautiful bird's nest and the honest shepherd boy. The king listened with great interest; and after dinner he took the tutor aside, and talked with him for some time. Then he sent for the shepherd boy, who came at once, and was very much surprised to see the noble-looking man with a star on his breast.

"Come here, little boy," said the king kindly. "I hear you are fond of reading. Would you like to go to school?"

"Indeed, I should," answered George; "but my father is too poor to send me."

"Never mind that," replied the king; "I think we can make a scholar of you. Bring your father to me."

Soon the father and the son came together into the king's presence; but they could not find words to express their gratitude.

George worked hard at his studies, and after some years the king took him into his service. By performing his duties faithfully he prospered; and at length was enabled to buy the very estate upon which he had once been a poor shepherd boy.

*The hope of Truth grows stronger day by day;
I hear the soul of man around me waking.*

LOWELL.

*Darkness is strong, and so is sin,
But only God endures forever!*

LOWELL.

YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

THE STORY THAT AUNT BESSIE TOLD THE CHILDREN.

It was a rainy day, and the children were very cross; and Aunt Bessie said she would tell them a story. So she said, "Once there was a little girl and she was so discontented that her mamma said she did not know what to do with her. But at last she said she would ask Edith if she would go with her in the buggy to see some poor children; and Edith said, 'Yes.' So they went in the buggy. They went down a little street till they came to a small tumble-down hut. The glass was all out, and rags stuck in the windows. Here they stopped, and Edith and her mamma went in. An old woman came forward, and smiled feebly. The children sat in a corner, so surprised to see them. But Mamma said, 'I have something for you all;' and she opened a basket, and took out a bag of oranges and other necessary things. And, besides, Edith had brought some of her books, and gave them to the children. They were so delighted with them! Pretty soon Mamma said it was time to go home; and when they were in the buggy Edith said, 'Mamma, may I go there again sometime?' Mamma said, 'Yes.' And pretty soon they were home." "Oh, was not that a lovely story!" cried the children. Just then they heard the gate click, and they all ran out to meet Papa.

FLORENCE FIELDS (nine years old),
Buffalo, N. Y.

*O chime of sweet Saint Charity,
Peal soon that Easter morn
When Christ for all shall risen be,
And in all hearts new-born!*

LOWELL.

THE GIRL FROM DENVER.

BY MARTHA FAIRBANKS BLANCHARD.

PART II.



HE is studying privately with Mr. Hilton to prepare herself fully for Wellesley," Amy continued, with perhaps, a touch of maliciousness. "She intends to enter after completing her course here."

Mollie's heart grew heavier. Wellesley! Why, the dream of her life had been to go there. And the best her father could do for her was to scrimp and save enough to pay her daily car-fare to Salem, where she was to take only the two-years' normal course, and then must earn her own living teaching.

Heavier still grew her heart, as she remembered that, perhaps, even that course might not be completed. Her mother's long illness had cost many hard-earned dollars.

"Do you know what she intends doing after she leaves Wellesley?" asked Stella White. They were never tired of hearing Edna Rosson's history and plans. All were as the Arabian Nights to the girls whose lives had passed monotonously in the sober New England town.

"She is going West to teach among the Mormons, I think," Amy replied.

"In Denver?" Lou Carey guilelessly said. The girls burst into a laugh. "Oh, Lou, Lou!" gasped Con, as the gong struck to recall them to their studies.

During the remaining hour and a half of school Mollie Greenough cast many a furtive, speculative glance at the occupant of the desk not far from her own.

On first view there was nothing impressive-looking about Edna Rosson. Yet, with continued observation, it was found the girl possessed a curious magnetism drawing one toward her, unless strong resistance was used. Con had discriminated keenly when she called Edna "lovely."

Among Mollie's cherished treasures was a small photograph of Guido Réni's *Mater Dolorosa*. Edna's face recalled the picture to Mollie's thought. Though Mollie in her inexperience did not know, Edna's face, at times, was that of one who had looked on keen pain and — beyond it.

Yet she was, every inch of her, a bright, fun-loving girl. Her dark eyes twinkled with laughter as she watched Dick Reid's and Con Arbelle's surreptitious political challenges.

On a bit of twine from Dick's desk to the chair in front, swung a one-cent flag. At the bottom was pinned a white slip printed in bold capitals, "Harrison and Morton."

Pugnacious, democratic little Con was ardently trying to fling to the breeze a counterfeit presentment. Her inscription read, "Cleveland and Hill."

There was some trouble in adjustment. Edna, at last, under cover of her desk-lid, lent a little secret aid. Mr. Hilton suddenly casting his eyes in that direction, both girls retired in confusion behind their books.

Mollie's lip curled. "Hypocritical!" she thought, giving herself a shake to get rid of the momentary fascination Edna had possessed for her.

The girls were putting on their cloaks when Constance Arbelle brought Edna to Mollie.

"Mollie," Con said, in rather an anxious, subdued fashion for her, "this is our new classmate, Edna Rosson, whom you have not met before. I want you two to be good friends."

Mollie could not refuse the gracious, outstretched hand, but there was no friendliness in her own manner of acknowledging the introduction.

"Con has a slightly embarrassing way of thinking people who are friends to her must be friends to each other," she said, in a somewhat harsh tone. Edna attempted to make some pleasant response. She felt at once Mollie's antagonistic attitude. It was the first roughness in the new life. Somehow, every one had seemed to understand and love her. She was so hungry for love, this girl who had lost so much!

Try as she would during the weeks that followed, it was impossible for Edna Rosson to surmount the wall of prejudice Mollie Greenough had erected between them. It did not take long to discover that the fundamental factor in this dislike was jealousy.

Mollie was jealous of Edna's marks of favor from Mr. Hilton, of her popularity among the pupils, of Con Arbelle's unconcealed devotion, and of Edna's fine scholarship.

At first, Edna, like her cousin Dick, was strongly tempted to withdraw from the competition against Mollie. Then she reasoned that would not be honest to herself, and was certainly unfair to Mollie, strengthening her, as it would, in her egotism.

"No," Edna said, firmly, "I am fairly in the fight, with the right to do the best I can, and Mollie will only help herself in learning to accept defeat gracefully."

Assiduously did Mollie have to study those days to compete with the well-instructed girl from the West. Inch by inch she felt her ground giving way beneath her. Could it be possible, she despairingly thought at times, that she would not win the valedictory honors?

Con Arbelle was made miserable that winter by Mollie's moody ill-nature. All her efforts to establish friendly relations between Mollie and Edna were fruitless. Mollie refused to go anywhere with Con when Edna was to be present too.

When indignant Con courageously stood her ground, Mollie would end all talk by her petulant finale, "First or none!" and spend a wretched evening dwelling on the probable enjoyments the girls were selfishly having without her.

The Greenoughs came home one night from a church sociable full of Edna's praises.

"I've spent one of the pleasantest evenings I've had this year with that young Western schoolmate of yours, Mollie. She's an unusually bright, entertaining girl. She doesn't dislike to put herself out for older people," exclaimed Mr. Greenough.

"Nor younger, neither," added Rob, Mollie's twelve-year-old brother. "We boys were having a stupid old time. She and that Dick Reid popped down on us and started the jolliest set of games. She knows a thing or two."

"Old lady Jones got hold of me," Mrs. Greenough continued. "You know how she runs every one, Mollie? I am sure I was looking decidedly unhappy, when that girl drifted into the conversation, and before I realized how it was done, old Mrs. Jones was expatiating on log-cabin quilts and crazy-work at the top of her lungs. She never spoke a word about any of the

neighbors the rest of the evening, except when she declared, "That Rosson girl was smarter than all the young folks round here put together."

"She has tact," explained Mr. Greenough.

"It's more than tact," mused his wife, thoughtfully.

"It's sheer audacity, that's what it is," burst forth Mollie.

"Why, Mollie," shocked Mrs. Greenough remonstrated.

"What right has she to come here to a strange town, posing as a martyr, insinuating herself into people's regard, putting herself forward—"

"I did n't see that she put herself forward," Mr. Greenough sharply interrupted.

Mollie flung herself from the room. These glowing encomiums of Edna Rosson were more than she could bear. Such a light, giggling chit as the girl was! People would n't have looked twice at her but for that story of hers! Mollie did n't believe that story, anyway. Troubles did n't pile on people like that in real life!

Poor Mollie! She did not know that sorrow and trouble in full measure are very hard facts in human existence. Mollie had that yet to learn through rugged personal experience.

The first cloud gathered when Harry caught the measles. Mollie lost a month's schooling by that. That was hard to bear, but when the doctor said something had happened to Harry's eyes, that he might never be able to use them again, some real trial was at hand.

"Everything that can be done shall be done for him, if I wear my fingers to the bone," hard-working Mr. Greenough said.

The next blow fell when Mr. Greenough came home one night with a white face, and told them that the foundry where he was employed had unexpectedly shut down for two months.

Mollie sobbed herself to sleep that night. It was no use longer to look forward to those two years at the Salem Normal.

She carried a hard, unhappy face to school those days. The friendly advances of the girls were rudely repulsed.

But the sternest shock, the test of Mollie Greenough's character, was yet to be met.

Mrs. Greenough, always delicate, had borne a strain beyond her strength. One sunny winter morning the little household awoke motherless. Only the evening before, the kindly smile, the gentle presence were with them. Now, they were not.

"Edna," said Mrs. Rosson the morning of the funeral, "do you suppose you can say anything to help Mollie Greenough? I do not understand the state she is in. Of course it must have been a terrible shock, but she takes it such a strange way. Her eyes have a hard, bitter look that worries me. I feel this is an experience that will make or mar Mollie Greenough's whole life."

Mr. Greenough and his two boys, Harry with his bandaged eyes, sat in the shaded sitting-room alone when Edna came in. Mr. Greenough's face was pinched and drawn. His eyes wistfully followed Edna as he pointed toward the parlor door, and said, "She is there."

Edna opened the door softly. Mollie stood by the casket, gazing fixedly at the still face within. She may have stood there minutes or hours, Mollie could not have told. She did not look up when Edna closed the door behind her. It was only when Edna laid her hand gently on Mollie's arm that she turned. A strange look came into her face when she saw who it was. Her features had been hard and set before, now an element of anger and defiance was added.

Was not even the dead—her dead—sacred from the presence of this girl who had, from the hour of their meeting, stolen every happiness from her life, and brought disaster after disaster upon her? Did she dare come here now, mockingly?

"Mollie," said Edna's low voice. At the sound Mollie shivered. Then, with an effort, she looked into the pleading face. As she gazed something seemed to fall away from her.

"Mollie," Edna repeated, taking the girl's cold hands in her warm, magnetic ones, "Mollie, dear, may I not go with you?"

Mollie's glance was on her spell-bound. An old force, resisted many times, was working again. The eyes that looked straight into Edna Rosson's calm, tender ones were full of hunger. And Edna's whole soul responded to that call. She did not speak, but in her face, from her eyes, forth from her quivering lips, came that heart-messsage of help.

"It is a rough road and dark. I who have lost father and mother and brother, do I not know? You who have never tried it, who cannot see whither it leads, will you not take my hand, my sister, and let us pass through the shadows together?"

For a moment only Mollie stood dumb. Then, with a great sob, she was in Edna Rosson's arms, and their tears—tears for a common loss—fell together.

The class that was graduated from the Wessex High School the following June was distinguished by the unusual fact of having two valedictorians. On the printed program it was plainly stated that, by all law of precedent and the rules of the school, the honor belonged to Miss Mollie Greenough, who for four years had averaged the highest percentage in scholarship. During the closing year Miss Rosson had entered the class and taken equal rank with Miss Greenough. At the latter's urgent personal request, Miss Rosson was admitted to a share in the highest honors. The essay was a collaborated one.

It was matter of debate to the proud townspeople which of the two maidens upheld the dignity of her position more gracefully.

At the close of the exercises the class met in one of the anterooms for a few farewell words.

"So it's all settled that Mollie goes to Wellesley with Edna?" Con Arbelle said to Dick Reid, as they stood chatting together. Edna's cloak was thrown across her cousin's arm.

"Yes," Dick replied, "Edna says she has plenty for both. She could not bear to go away from us all to a strange place with no one to love her near."

"Edna Rosson will never be without some one to love her near," Con said, simply. "But, oh, Dick, don't you think these separations hard? I know it's the worst for you and your grandmother, but, then, too, what are we all going to do—without Edna?"

"Do?" responded Dick, his glance turning toward the sweet-faced girl, the centre of an eager group on the other side of the room, "Do? why, we'll do—all of us—a little better for having known her—God bless her!"

THE END.

GOLDEN WORDS.

Live truly, and thy life shall
be
A great and noble creed.

LETTER-BOX.

ENIGMA LVII.

I AM composed of nine letters.

My 6, 5, 7, is a verb in the past tense.

My 7, 8, 9, is a boy's name.

My 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, is what we go to school for.

My 1, 2, 4, 5, is what we do when we thirst.

My whole is the name of our minister.

AUGUST SCHOENKY.

ENIGMA LVIII.

I AM composed of fourteen letters.

My 1, 3, 13, is not to lose.

My 11, 12, 3, is a useful article.

My 8, 4, is a copula.

My 2 is the eighth letter of the alphabet.

My 7, 8, 9, 10, is a piece of jewelry.

My 6, 14, 13, lives in water, yet is not a fish.

My 5 is the sixteenth letter of the alphabet.

My whole is the name of a very interesting book.

BERTHA SCHOENKY.

ENIGMA LIX.

I AM composed of fifteen letters.

My 12, 14, 3, is what you sometimes cook in.

My 15, 2, 3, is very dangerous.

My 3, 2, 4, 7, is what boys and girls love to gather.

My 15, 10, 2, 3, 4, is what pigs do.

My 1, 8, is a conjunction.

My 9, 11, 10, 12, is a kind of fish.

My 5, 6, 13, is a piece of chance work.

My whole is one of Miss Alcott's books.

SUSIE W. WEBB, Summerville, S. C.

ANSWERS to Enigmas XLVIII., XLIX., and the "Pi" Puzzle in No. 17 have come to us from Clarence Day, Santa Barbara, Cal.

ANSWERS TO LETTER-BOX IN No. 17.

Enigma XLVIII. County Fair.

Enigma XLIX. William Henry Harrison, James A. Garfield.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

P
A L E
P L A N T
E N D
T

WORD SQUARE.

N E S T
E C H O
S H O T
T O T O

PI PUZZLE.

Under a spreading chestnut-tree

The village smithy stands.

The smith, a mighty man is he,

With large and sinewy hands;

And the muscles of his brawny arms

Are strong as iron bands.

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